For this foole Gudgin, this Opinion:
Come good *Lorenſo*, fare ye vvell awhile,
Ile end my Exhortation after dinner.
Loren. Well, we will leave you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* never lets me ſpeake.
Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares moe,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.
Ant. Fare you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.
Gra. Thanks yfaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dried, and a mayd not vendible. *Exeunt.*
Ant. It is that any thing now.
Baſſ. *Gratiano* ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing more then any man in all *Venice*; his reaſons are as two graines of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhal ſeeke all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.
Ant. Well, tell me now vvhat Lady is the ſame,
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to day promis'd to tell me of.
Baſſ. Tis not unknowne to you *Anthonio*,
Hovv much I have diſſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhovving a more ſwelling port,
Than my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor doe I now make moane to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my chiefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts,
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*,
I owe the moſt in money and in love,
And from your love I have a vvarrantie
To unburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
Hovv to get cleare of all the debts I owe.
Ant. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill doe,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lye all unlockt to your occaſions.
Baſſ. In my Schoole daies, when I had loſt one ſhaft,

I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfe ſame flight
The ſelfe ſame vvay, vvith more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth, and by adventuring both,
I oft found both: I urge this child-hood proofe,
Becauſe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelfe way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I doe not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazzard backe againe,
And thankefully reſt debter for the firſt.
An. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To winde about my love with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you do me now more vvrong
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt
Then if you had made vvaſt of all I have:
Then doe but ſay to me vvhat I ſhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it: therefore ſpeake.
Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that vvord,
Of vvondrous vertues; ſometimes from her eyes
I did receive faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing undervallew'd
To *Catos* daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide vvorld ignorant of her vvorth,
For the foure vvinds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,
And many *Iaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a rivall place vvith one of them,
I have a minde preſages me ſuch thrift
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.
Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither have I money, nor commoditie